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Title:

The store that Meads keeps, profusely...

Place:

Marquette, [Mich.]

Date:

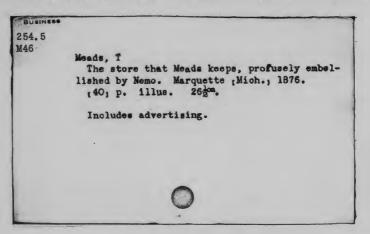
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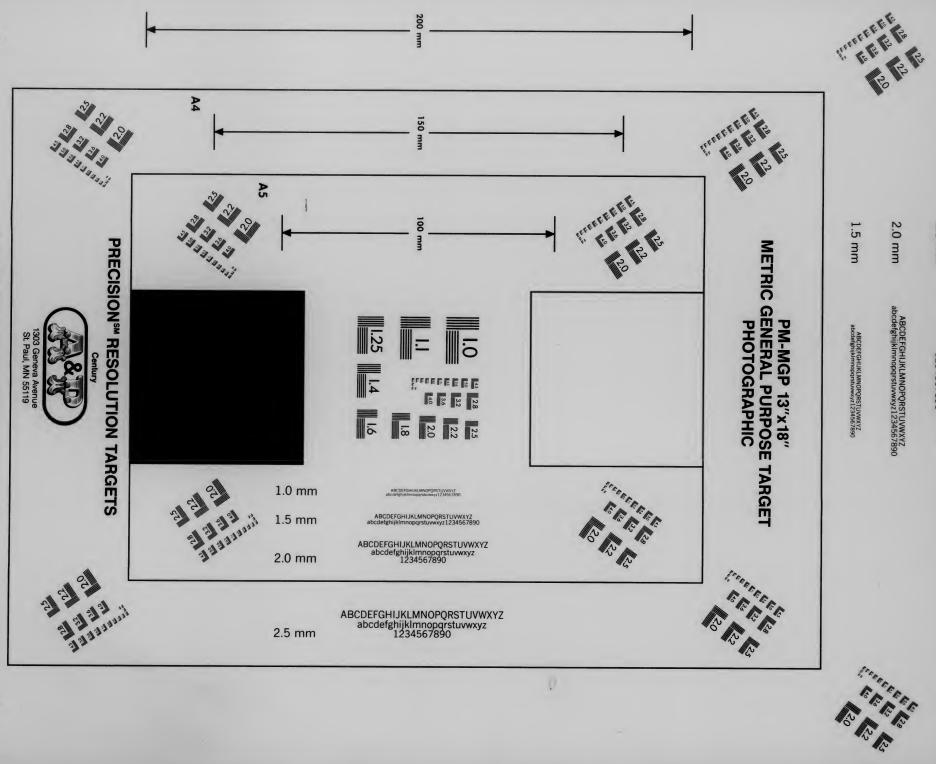
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THE STORE THAT MEADS KEEPS. 1876.

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# FISHING TACKLE, KNIVES, PISTOLS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,



Collars, Ties,

### JEWELRY,

CCANDY, TOYS, NOTIONS,

# Specimens, Curiosities,

Musical Instruments,

STATIONERY, POCKET BOOKS, POCKET KNIVES,

CIGARS,

Tobacco, Pipes,

Snow Shoes,

Moccasins,

A SPLENDID LOT OF GREENSTONE JEWELRY SET IN 18 CARAT GOLD,

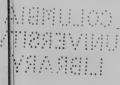
Papers, Periodicals, Etc.

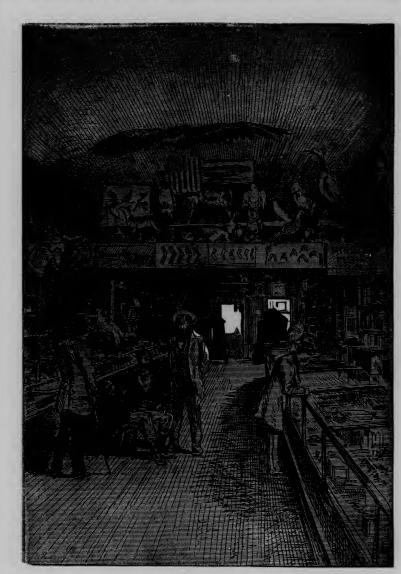
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#### A Pen Sketch of Narquette City.

Sailing over the broad, clear waters of Lake Superior, trolling for the large 20 pound lake trout, beating the mountain streams for speckled trout, visiting the rolling mill, turnaces, mines and other objects of interest will serve to pass away several weeks in an amusing and profitable manner. The hotels here are well kept, very comfortable and charges reasonable, and amongst other attractive features we call attention to the following sketch, from the Mining Journal, of the new park and cemetery:

"The people of Marquette are remarkably well favored with the grand in nature-in the hills and valleys, the swift flowing river and the rivulet, the expanse of lake and stretch of shore line, the rising plain and unnumbered tints of foliage, by which the city is surrounded. It would be difficult to select a point which offers a greater diversity of striking and beautiful scenery, in the midst of a moving commerce which is asserting itself as the most powerful in the world. A finer picture never covered the canvas of an artist than is presented by Marquette from the center of the bay, with the docks, and ships and steamers in the foreground, bustling with life, and the city dropping from the highland to the right and left on both sides of the bay, with a horizon of hills to the extreme right and left and in the back ground. As a vessel advances toward this scene an irresistible emotion, influenced by beauty, creeps over the soul of the beholder, and as the heart dilates with quickened pulsation he teels that words are useless-the vision is sufficient."





Interior of the Store.

#### ON THE BEACH AT MARQUETTE.

AIR:-On the Beach at Long Branch.

On the beach at Marquette, in the summer sun, Rural charms are waiting visitors who come Seeking healthy pleasure, roaming on the sand, Merry waves resounding up and down the strand. Boats on wings are sailing 'round about the bay, Skiffs are gaily gliding, on a pleasant day, Indians often paddling in their bark canoe, Romance with rosy fingers paints the charming view. ]

Air, with balmy pinions, wafts from yonder shore;
Breezes from the wild woods sipped from many a flower;
Dashing little streamlets where the waters shout,
Down beneath the shadows sport the speckled trout;
Sailing o'er the waters in a gallant boat,
Salmon trout by dozens catching as you float;
Rocks, with marks of ages painted on their face—
Nature's honored sages—loom with stately grace.

#### Chorus.

We've five hotels and good ones, sparkling, bracing, air, Churches seven, and neat ones, for those who enter there; By the shore at Marquette, pleasant place to stay, Since the season opened in the "Charming May."

Where can often be seen ton upon ton of solid wealth arriving from the mines above, gliding along the massive piers, and thundering into the vessels lying below, whose snowy wings spread anon o'er the cool crystal water—appearing in the distance like birds of the ocean—propellers and steamers coming and going, streets thronged with smiling-faced visitors, making a programme of interest not to be seen everywhere; and the lovers of nature who now suffer from the heat of a southern sun cannot fail to appreciate the many exhilarating attractions which at this season can be found by a ramble "On the Beach at Marquette," &c.



#### A Visitor's Dream.

In my dream last night, I saw a form Whose face was dark as the dusky morn, Whose symmetry one could but admire— 'Twas an Indian Chief in his wild attire.

He stood on a hill of iron ore,
And silver lead as a badge he wore.
In his right, was a nugget of silver white,
In his left, a mass of copper bright.

Amethysts, agates, and greenstones, too, Shone as bright as the sparkling dew, While curiosities around him lay Bright as the rainbow, colors as gay.

He said in accents broken, low,
"Now, nidjie, if you wish to know
Where to purchase ALL such things one
needs,
You'll ever find them by calling at Meads."

THE



PROFUSELY EMBELLISHED

BY .

NEMO.

MARQUETTE: CHRISTMAS.

#### A Lake Superior Sunset.

The lake, as a wide-spreading mirror,
Lay in its frame of bright green,
Sleeping one evening at sun-set,
Tinged with the sky's azure sheen.
Air, seemed the breath of the zephyr
Balmily floating along,
Dancing on emerald pine tops,
Merrily humming a song.

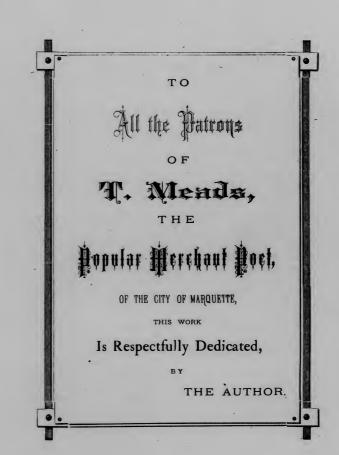
Sky, was a brilliant blue color,
Tinged with a coating of green;
Clouds, just dipped in the rainbow
Never more gorgeous were seen.
'Twas as tho' millions of roses
Scattered their petals to dry
In the pink glow of the sunshine,
Over the beautiful sky.

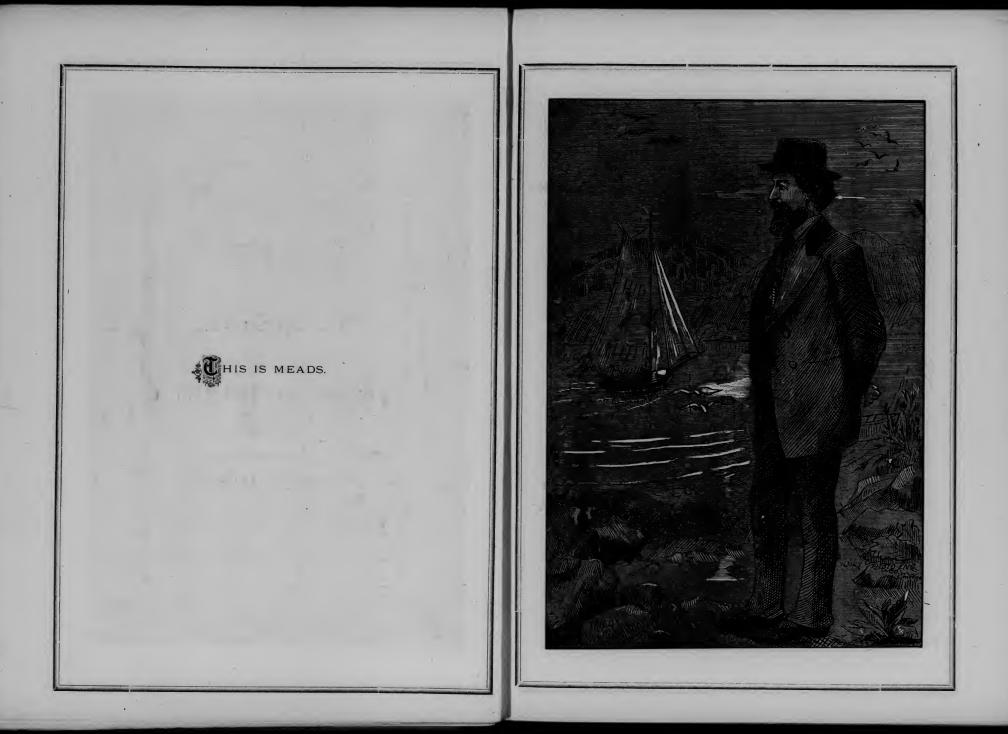
Yonder, were rich auburn tresses,
Nestling o'er figures of gold,
While Flora, with crimson-tipped blushes,
Scattered her treasures untold.
Here, a huge fiery-like pillar
Brilliantly towered on high,
Looking as tho' a volcano
Had suddenly leaped in the sky.

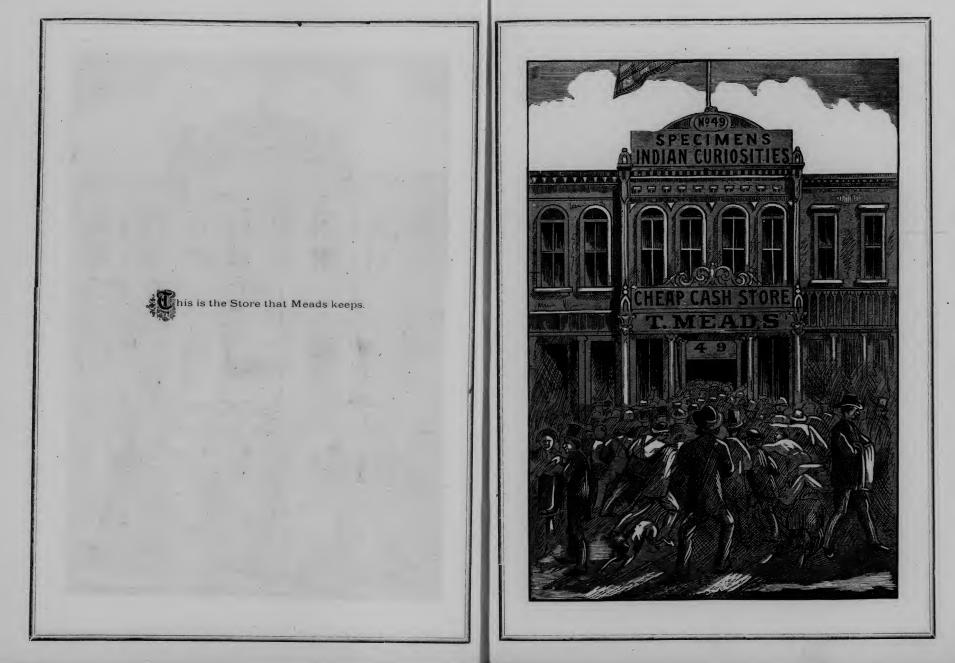
There, seemed an emerald mountain,
Covered with silvery sheep;
Down at the base was a fountain—
Caverns looked rugged and steep.
Scenery celestial—that sun-set—
Plainly portrayed on the sky.
The work of the good, supreme artist,
Doth the most skillful defy.

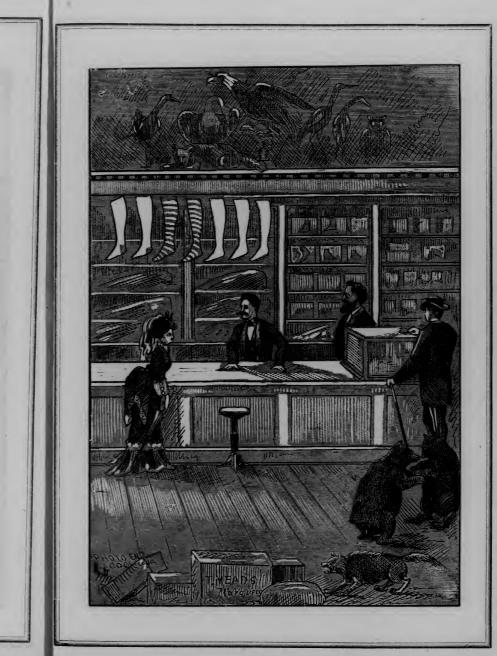
Perhaps, 'twas a gleam of the riches
Down in the depths of the lake,
Reflected on the bright sun-beams;
What a grand painting 'twould make!
Such a magnificent picture
Could any artist but paint;
Bright, in the record of ages
He'd shine—almost as a saint.

Italy boasts of its sun-sets,
Heavenly paintings in air;
Never yet, in any country,
Ever were colors more rare.
The author of all, in His goodness,
Who formed the earth so fair—
Could we discern it, dispenseth
Things beautiful everywhere.

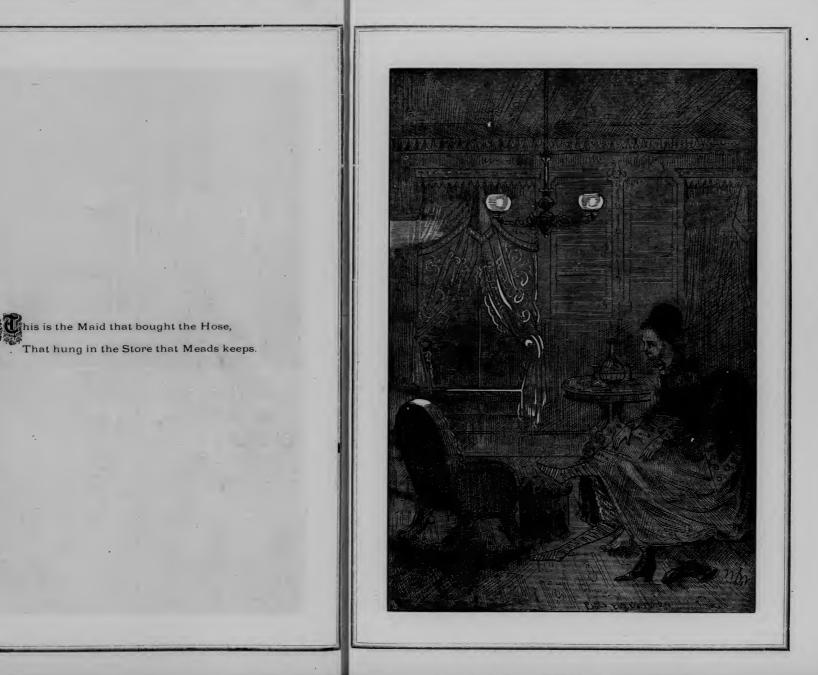








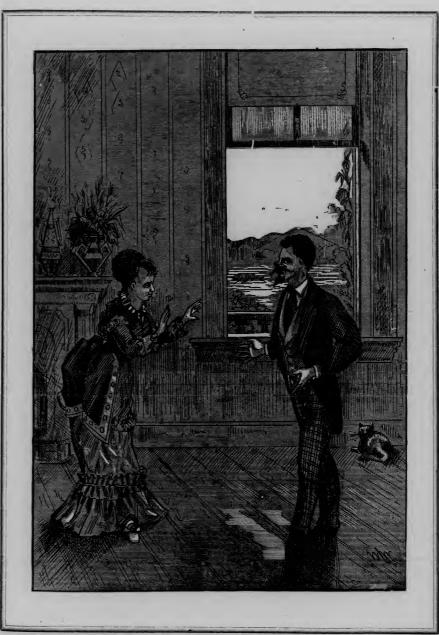
the Store that Meads keeps.



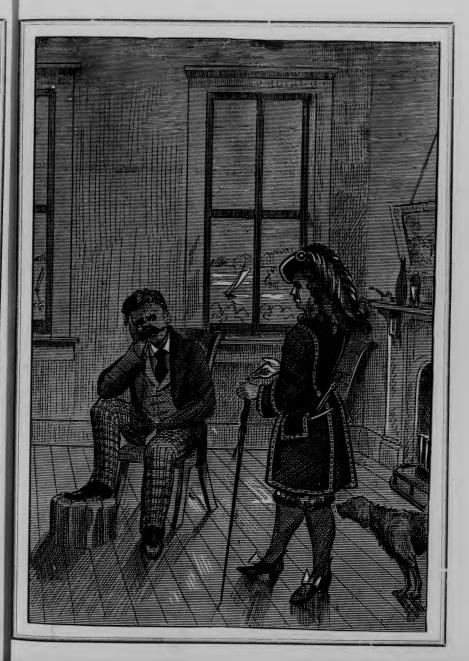
his is the man with the broken nose,

That kissed the maid that bought the hose,

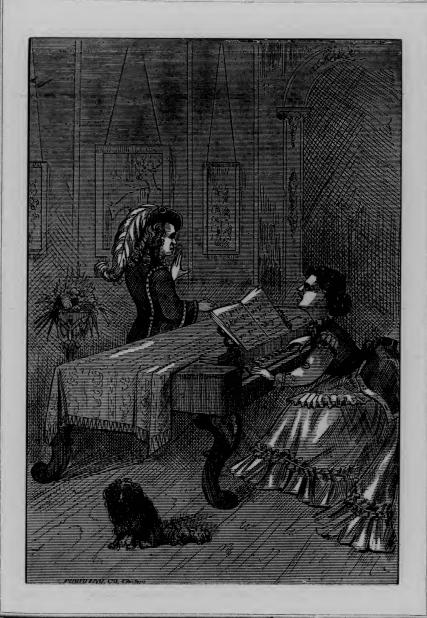
That hung in the store that Meads keeps.



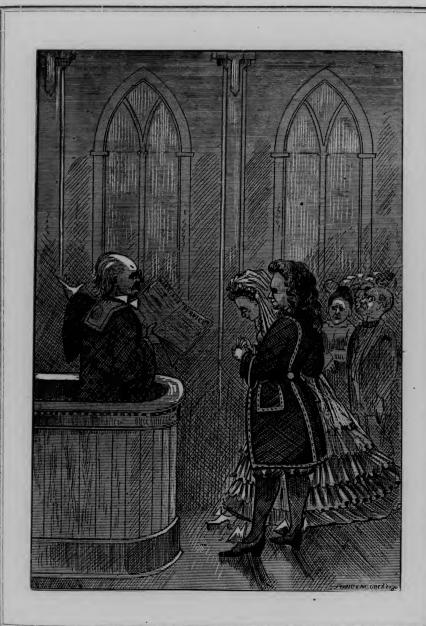
That cured the man with the broken nose,
That kissed the maid that bought the hose,
That hung in the Store that Meads keeps.



To charm the doctor with the elegant clothes,
That cured the man with the broken nose,
That kissed the maid that bought the hose,
That hung in the store that Meads keeps.



To marry the songstress that did propose,
To charm the doctor with the elegant clothes,
That cured the man with the broken nose,
That kissed the maid that bought the hose,
That hung in the store that Meads keeps.



ears have fled, as the story goes,

Since the day that the parson arose,

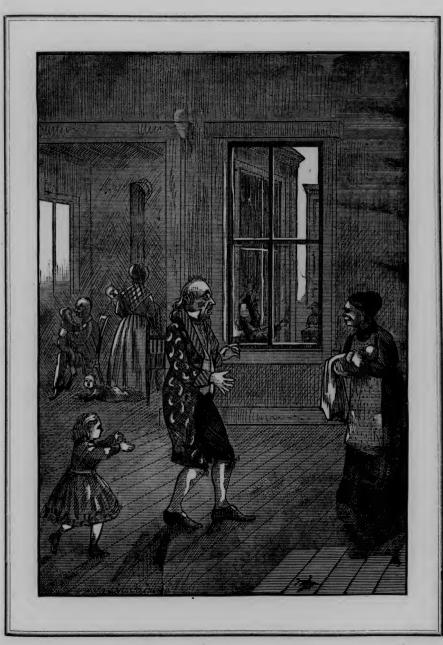
To marry the songstress that did propose,

To charm the doctor with the elegant clothes,

That cured the man with the broken nose,

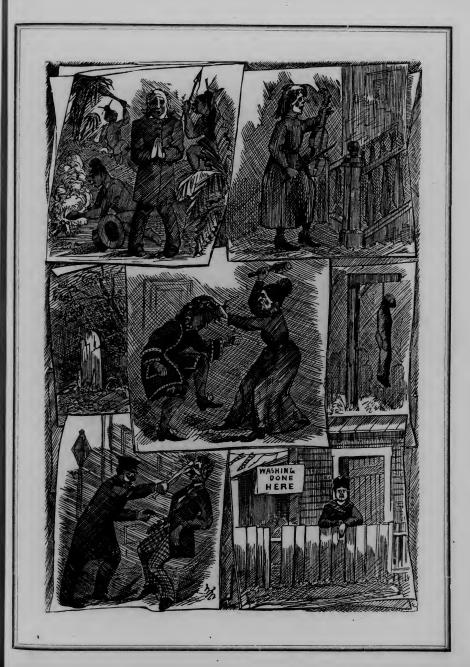
That kissed the maid that bought the hose,

That hung in the store that Meads keeps.



dear, O dear, what numberless woes!

Would be to the world, we may well suppose,
And to the parson that once arose,
And to the songstress that did propose,
And to the doctor with the elegant clothes,
And to the man with the broken nose,
And to the maid that bought the hose,
Were it not for the store that Meads keeps.





# IROQUOIS AND CHIPPEWAS.

#### HISTORICAL FACTS .-- BY T. M.

Once powerful nation, Chippewa. Tradition tells, in ancient day Descended from this grand old lake. Subduing foes each step they'd take. Unversed were they in many a vice When fire water, thought so nice By some, had never reached these shores: (Which many a native most adores.) When each a noble heritage Preserved in form and lineage, And biessed their tribe with valorous deeds. When hunters brought their daily needs. When tawny beauties-famed ln song-Oft roamed the mossy dells among. And borrowed radiance from wild flowers. And pure as winds that breathe cool showers. From Fond du Lac, down to La Pointe And Kewcenaw, their foes disjoint. As sweeping winds, on, on they came, Or rushing streams, when floods of rain, Or melting snow-drifts in the spring Have raised them high-swept everything. The proud and war-like Iroquois Recoil before them like mere boys; As puppets made of paint and wood In grand array, 'twas thus they stood. Huge war clubs, bows and arrows, steath And tomahawks, soon spoilt their health. A youthful squaw while berrying Beheld a fleet fast hurrying To reach the Portage entry-She knew it was the enemy-As timid fawn away she flew, And leaping in her light canoe. Sped swiftly o'er the little lake. To friends the fearful news to take. Commotion reigned supreme in camp. A council held, the sudden tramp Of hundreds on the sod was heard. And shonts that scared both deer and bird. Stern vengcance sat upon each brow, As down the stream they dash, they vow Each tomahawk shail send a foc, Anon to realms of bliss or woe. But wait, the foe in ambush lies. (Fuil certain of a dead surprise,) Down where the river narrows, there They crouch as beasts within their lair. A mighty yell on either side The river bursts, as down they glide. A flight of arrows bore a sting Of death, upon each quivering wing. As with the spider and the fly, They're in the snare, and all must die. A net was set, a trap was laid, And ere the night-hawk soared, 'tis said No throbbing heart, or active brain E're moved those warriors red again. The Chippewas again embark

Upon their fleet of yellow bark; Now shouting triumph as they sped, Now flaunting high the scalps of dead Sons of the woods, who'li ne'er retnrn To wailing squaws, who'll ceaseless mourn By day they skim the shining lake, At night, to silent woods they take : They fish and hunt to gain supplies From Nature's store that near them lies The laugh of victors' war-whoops shrill. Soon echo loud from hill to hill: While rumbling beats the nation's drum, They sing and jump to tum tum-tum, Which terror spreads to all things near, The timorous bird, the rambling deer; The crouching lynx, the clumsy bear, Shy foxes, wolves, creep from their lair. Fine stalwart forms, with faces red With paint, while feathers decked each head. And claws of bruins dangling hung Around the necks of chieftians young. A tomahawk, a scaining knife-That's maybe ended many a life. While bow and arrow, war-club bent, Made up their wild accourrement. A scalp or two hung by the side Of some, to them the height of pride. A blazing fire the night illumes; The calumet with curling fumes Spreads harmony around the scene; For artists 'twas a splendid theme. A novel sight were it to-day, A host like that in wild array; Pinmed, painted, tattoed-iong black hair-Now shouting war crics in the air, Some dancing to the god of wars, And drumming to the fiery Mars; Some fishing, hunting, playing bail, All lounging when night's shadow falls. There's Wa-gua-min-na, O-ta-dan-Young braves who never flinched or ran-Tali Wa-na-ta-gon, Kin-ka-doo; Each crushing blow they struck they slew. Still on they go-sail, paddle and row Towards the Sauit, that lies below : When by and-by, ere set the sun, They reach high "Grosscap" one by one. And soon, now comes the "tng of war." The Iroquois' stronghold not far Below them lies, oft vanquished foes, Black hate hath stirred revengeful throes, And raised to gall their savage ire, And set ablaze their native fire. Ye conquering heroes, Chippewas; Who, by the force of nature's laws, Decrees, it seems, that might is right, Have now no abject foes to fight; And well aware of such stern facts, The medicine man, who ever acts

#### THE IROQUOIS AND CHIPPEWAS.—Continued.

As prophet, and who intercedes To Maniton in all their needs, Invokes his nnknown deity For succor in infinity His sacred sanctum sanctorum Receives this wise old sage; not one Now dares approach his hallowed form. E'en tho' he pleads from night till morn. White buckskin pelts spread o'er his tent; In humble form, with figure bent, He prayed as one in wild despair That One above would hear his prayer. He asked, as thousands often do. The power to make his foes to rne. And wished that every warrior brave Might slay a foe his friends to save : That fleecy clouds, both thick and white. Might rise to hide them ail from sight; That they, unseen by vigil eyes, Might suddenly their foes surprise. The power of prayer's exemplified, Unless their history has lied. For on the tent's rnde covering In rapid taps began to ring Lond raps; as swiftly, too, they came As pelting hall or driven rein And each sound was, the spirit said, A foeman's life, a spirit fled A dense fog-cloud arose that night, That veiled the moon and stars so bright, Then rose the sage—a ray of joy Shone o'er his face as when a boy. He beckoned each brave to his side. And bid them cheer in tones of pride. The Maniton, he said, had told Hlm, Iroquois-both young and old-Should, ere returned the morning light. Be in the land that knows no night. Across upon the other side. Where ebbs and flows the gentle tide, A powerful host, in dread array, Awaited for the light of day. The Chippewas, more wary, bold, Beneath the shade of fog, 'tis told, Soon sailed out in bark canoes-Success is theirs, they 'vantage chose. Then some above, and some below As still as death ashore they go Into the woods, no sound or noise Awakes the dreamy Iroquois. As snakes upon the ground they sneak Or tigers crouching for a leap, As a lease the recombination of the recombination o

Before them lay the crystal lake. Behind them foes, their lives to take. Bright dew drops decked half covered forms. A robe of pelts their chief adorns. With beads and paint they look so wild. True type of many a forest child. Sleep, calmly sleep, 'I will be your last! Dream fond adieux, your day's most past! No more you'li gladden anxious eves With game or scaips, or foes surprise. A spring! a bound! unearthly yells As If from Hades, vengeance tells! The astonished Iroqnois from sleep Arose, as when poor, helpless sheep Are set upon by wolves; and ere They'd time to rally, many were Dispatched to happy hunting grounds With those who're buried 'neath high mounds. Ah, then ensued a fearful strife-As llons struggling life for life-Fierce grappling, rending, crushing blows, Now dealing death strokes, butchering foes. The work was short, 'twas quickly done-As rose again the golden sun Behind the clouds that ope the day-Whose rosy fingers paint each ray-A sight appalling met the eye, Poor Iroquois in death all ile Save one, deprived of ears and nose, Who down the river swiftly goes To bear the message to bis friends, The tannting Chippewa now sends;
"When men you'd fight with, such as we, Send men to fight ne: never be Such fools again; good sense you lack, To send out women on our track."

They spread the skulls along the shore: 'Tis said they reached a mile or more But for the truth of this I'll not E'en youch, tho' oft I've seen the spot, Be to Youen, the other was been the spot.

But bones lies scattered here and there Along the beach; the very air Seems laden with the wailing tone Of dying men who breathe a moan. Thus, where the lighthouse now doth stand, Beside the point of yellow sand; Where troubled waves with swelling noise Oft murmur, stands Point Iroquois.

With such a sweeping victory, Now all elate they shout with giee, And dashing down the crystal stream In bark canoes—es if by steam—Soon reached the spot now called "the Soo," And put to flight the helpiese few. They made that pleasant place their home, And from their stronghold hunt and roam. And even to the present day, Their offspring thither love to stay. A moral in my narrative Appears quite plainly—while we live Let caution, and sagnetty, With soil determined, ever be Our notto; and the bands should strike The golden chances met through life; And then, as checkered Fortune's wheel Turns on its axis, we may feel. But bones lies scattered here and there And then, as checkered Fortune's whe Turns on its axis, we may feel The friendly hand of good success, Behold her smilling face, unless Life's stormy, raging billows rise To sink our bark before it lies Serenely in Hope's smnup port, Behind the ramparts of her fort. Tho' fortune miles on but the few, "Act well our part," whate'er we do.

### THE PIONEER & EXPLORER.

(SUPPOSED TO BE HIS FIRST TRIP.)

A pioneer with axe in hand,
A blanket, pick and gun,
A little food, to search the land,
Starts with the rising sun.
In fancy's dream, before him lies
A mine of shining gold,
Of sliver, copper, iron—some prize
Producing wealth midd.

When evening shadows gather 'round, And Fiora paints the west: When spotted fawns a place have found Beneath some bush to rest; When gentle winds a vesper sigh, And leaflets catch the tone: When swallows swift are soaring high And wild beasts love to roam: Beside some green and shady nook, Where scarce a sound is heard, Save music of a babbling brook Or chirp of friendly bird. A dancing fire with curing flames, At evening might be seen ; Sparks soaring through the waving plumes Of nature's locks so green.

A bunch of boughs spread o'er the mould; His spacious tent the skies, Beneath some tree, though nights are cold, Upon the brush he lies.

He quaffs the solace of his pipe And marks the smoke arise,
Till pondering o'er his future life,
He shuts his weary eyes.

Though slumber hovers o'er him now
His thoughts case not to roam,
As halos circling 'round his brow

Are happy dreams of home. A stealthy lynx creeps np to see, A wolf is prowling there; A bear walks up and steals, may be, Some food that's lying near, He wakes to hear the black thief run, As bushes part and crack; To bring the brnin back. The morn arrives, the day 's begun, He takes an early meal, And giaddened by the golden sun His thoughts are thoughts of weal. Each rivulet with eagle eye He scans, tho' yet in vair And searches every blnff near by-He looks and looks again To find some precious treasure, which For ages has been hid Beneath the soil, to make him rich, Will fortune now forbld?

Each morning comes, each evening goes, Yet naught but rocks and trees E'er greet his eyes—as fancy flows— No, naught of worth he sees. Fond Hope soon leaves him there, alone. Success, too, droops its head; His food, too, now is almost gone; Hark! what was that he said? "My compass gone, I've lost my way! My fect, alas! how sore! bitterly regret the day I left my cottage door."

With drooping head and weary limbs
He sits him down to rest,
While hunger chides as evening flings
Its shadows o'er the west.
No compass now—no sun to shine,
Nor moss about the trees;
The hours pass on, he heeds no time,
'Tis naught but woe he sees.

He wanders on but knows not where,
His brain begins to swim,
And teelings, touched with dark deepair
Boon close his eyes, grown dim.
He dreams of home, the tender child,
And seesit smile and play,
When darkness stays its rompings wild
He hears it sweetly pray.
He marks the sad look of his wife,
Beholds her on her knees
Imploring One to spare his life—
Brave thoughts his feelings seize.
As when a sleeping giant hears
The sound of forman's tread,
So he arose and left his fears
All on his leafy hed.

Cheered on by thrifty energy,
While gaining strength anew,
Sound reason gave him back the key
To search the forest through.

Sce ! yonder comes, with gentle gait, A "Monarch of the Glen ." And now's the time ; if he'll but wait A moment more, and then-(An echo wakes each slumbering bill. As when in battle plain A lonely picket in some rill Is by a foeman slain.) He aims, though trembling sore, and fires, A leap into the air! And presently a deer expires His food, his life is there! Encouraged now by good success, The sun, too, shining bright. He hastes to leave the wilderness. And sets his course aright.

While passing down a deep ravine,
With craggy rocks, and high,
There, gilmmering in the sun's bright sheer,
A something canght his eye;
He scrambles up the steep to see
If aught of worth is there;
"Look! by the powers above," quoth he,
"Eureka! see, 'tis here!"
He feasts his cyes and picks about

#### THE PIONEER AND EXPLORER--Continued.

For samples of the ore; At times a wild, triumphant shout Rings out the forest o'er; Then filis his sack, and blazes back A line, as on he goes, That he may soon retrace his track-His heart with rapture glows!

As when a gallant soldier leaves The battle field behind, When foes are as the fallen leaves, He hastens home to find Rejoicing friends, glad welcoming Their hero home again ; So he returned, now triumphing O'er hardships fraught with pain. A meeting-well, the dews of heaven Encircled them once more; The blessings of a home were given, With comfort, as before.

Where once an aged forest stood Now waves the golden grain, And smiling farms, where grew the wood, Adorn each bill and plain. Perhaps a thriving city now Is on the very spot Where first his camp fire spread its glow Around his leafy cot. A benefactor to his race. To hardships weil laured Fond memory will oft retrace The trials he endured.

A lesson good, it seems to me, Is by this woodsman taught, His trip into the forest free, That's with adventure fraught;

If, in life's rough and thorny way, We set our course aright, We'll find perhaps some future day, A home that's beaming bright.

#### The Wolf at the Door.

One night, as the rays of The light were retiring And Nature grown weary. Was bastening to rest: A poor widow sat, bowed with Grief-sad and weeping-As three little cherubs With hunger were pressed.

The air, O, how cold! as The wind fiercely whistled In anger, and crept through Each seam in the floor: No fuel! and the bright glowing Embers were dying, As the "wolf" lay in walting To spring-at the door.

Next morning, a friend of The friendless and needy-A kindred of Charity-Thought of the poor; And cheered the sad widow With food, and with fnel. And gathered a blessing-Nor missed from his store.

Those who lend to destitute widows and orphans will reap their reward with a hundred fold interest in the "great hereafter."

#### Twas down by the Banks.

'Twas down by the banks of a Musical stream, Where green grasses grow and Trout may be seen: Beneath the warm sun l Wandered one day, To learn what this rolicking Brook had to say.

It said, as it merrily Rippled along, 'A gem of the forest, my Heart full of song. I'm up in the wild woods Down on the shore. Leaping and bounding with Glee evermore.

'Tis here that sweet maidens and Swains often meet, And gather the wild flowers that Grow at my feet, And whisper of joys yet in Store as they roam.

And dream of the bliss that Surrounds a new home. I sometimes inform a young Twain, ere they go-That is, if they do not

Already know-

Where they can purchase most Of course, it is down by the Corner-at Meads'.'

#### She Sat Within the Cabin.

She sat within the cabin. Beside the open door, Her graceful form reclining; Her thoughts began to soar In soft, melodions cadence, As o'er the waters bright, The galiant ship was gliding Into the silent night.

A vision bright came o'er her-She thought that it was day, And every thing around her Looked curious and gay; Rich specimens, and barkwork, And slippers worked with beads And when her eyes were opened. She found 'twas in at Meads'.

Onward, e'er onward! nor think of the The present is here it cannot long last, Then serze it, and gather jits fruit ere it dies.

The future may then bring a pleasant surprise.

Good stock of Choice Confectionery. A fine assortment of Greenstone (Chlorastrolyte) Jewelry, manufactured in the Store, consisting of full sets, Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Pins, &c. Also native Silver Jewelry at the News Depot.

### JACKSON'S BAZAR.

# ONE PRICE CASH STORE

Is Headquarters for

# Fashionable Millinery

—CONSISTING OF——

Bonnets,

Illusions.

Hats, Laces. Veilings,

Caps, Ornaments. Flowers, Velvets.

He keeps none but the best of Trimmers.

And guarantees all Millinery work done to compare with any eastern city, in style, quality

# Kaucy Goods in Budless Variety.

Gloves, Hosiery, Portmonaies, Soaps, Ruchings,

Zephyrs,

Shade Hats,

Feathers.

Ties, Canvas, Jewelry, Edgings, Tucking, Puffings,

Belts,

Brushes, Perfumery, Collars, Cuffs,

Filling Silks, Card Board, Embroideries, Buttons, Corsets,

Fringes,

Handkerchiefs,

Baskets, Parasols,

Combs.

Bibs. Worsted Patterns, Fans, and everything else.

LADIES' LINEN SUITS, SHAWLS, SACQUES AND SKIRTS.

Real Hair Switches,

#### FINE DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

Black and Colored Silks, Cretones. Cashmeres, Picques, Prints, Cottons, Flannels,

EVERYONE SHOULD VISIT JACKSON'S BAZAR, AS HE KEEPS THE most complete stock of Ladies' Furnishing Goods in the county. Anything new in the market will always be found at Jackson's, and at the lowest cash prices.

Everyone knows where Jackson's is.

Marquette, L. S., Mich.



### Choice Goods.



### MURRAY & ROBBINS, Grocers,

Four Doors North of Meads'.

Constantly on hand a Large Stock of

Fine Domestic and Imported Goods.

Prices as Low as any House in the City.

### Excursion and Exploring Parties

Supplied with Everything Desired. Call and see us.

MURRAY & ROBBINS.

# The Bake Superior Lowder Company,

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MANUFACTURE AND SELL MINING AND BLASTING POWDER.

JAY C. MORSE, President.

C. H. CALL, Sec'y and Treasurer.

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At the BARNUM HOUSE, First and Third Weeks of Each Month.

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Fishing Parties Supplied with Conveyances and Guides to the Best Fishing Grounds.

Tourists visiting Marquette are invited to call and examine our stock, and can rest assured that their wants can be fully complied with at all hours.

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MARQUETTE, MICH.,

Transacts a General Banking and Exchange Business.

#### C. H. CALL

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Sells Toy, Bickford & Co's Celebrated Safety Fuse.

A full supply always on hand and orders from the mines promptly filled.

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# Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals

FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC.

Fancy Articles, Perfumery in Great Variety, Pure Brandy, Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.

Opposite the Store that Meads keeps.

# Roythwestern Hotel,

This House is delightfully situated (Lake Street, Marquette,) on the shore of the bay, in among a cluster of pines, with a view stretching far out into the lake; is first class in every particular, and an excellent resort for tourists, pleasure seekers and invalids.

FARNHAM LYON, Proprietor.

# Choicest Candies, Soda Water, Sc.,

AT

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Superior Street, - - . Marquette, L. S., Mich.

This House is very pleasantly situated, near the Depot and Steam.

boat Landings, and tourists, invalids and business men

will find it a home, whenever they come this way.

MRS. ARMSTRONG, Proprietress.

### WETMORE & BRO.,

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# Dealer in Fancy Dry Goods,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, CROCKERY,

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION

Given to filling orders for Exploring and Pleasure Parties.

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Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Good Horses.

New Buggies.

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JOSHUA CULBERT
HAS THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF HORSES

ON THE UPPER PENINSULA.

Good Horses and Vehicles for all purposes. Careful Drivers if desired. Funerals receive Especial Attention.

SUPERIOR STREET, MICH.

### HERMAN R. HADRICH, Gold and Silversmith,

MARQUETTE, L. S., MICH.

Solid Gold and Silver Jewelry of all kinds made to order. Jewelry of all kinds repaired on short notice. Everything Warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Special attention given to Lake Superior Native Silver Rings.

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### DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Fancy Goods, Books,

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Prescriptions Carefully Prepared Day and Night.

FRONT STREET.

Cool Soda and Mineral Water drawn from Tuft's "Roderick" Fountain.

### COZZEN'S HOTEL,

Corner Washington and Front Streets.

MARQUETTE, L. S., MICH.

Beautifully Located, Overlooking the Bay and Lake.

Arranged and conducted to meet the requirements and tastes of all, the tourist, the invalid and the business man.

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# HEAVY HARDWARE,

#### MINING AND RAILWAY SUPPLIES,

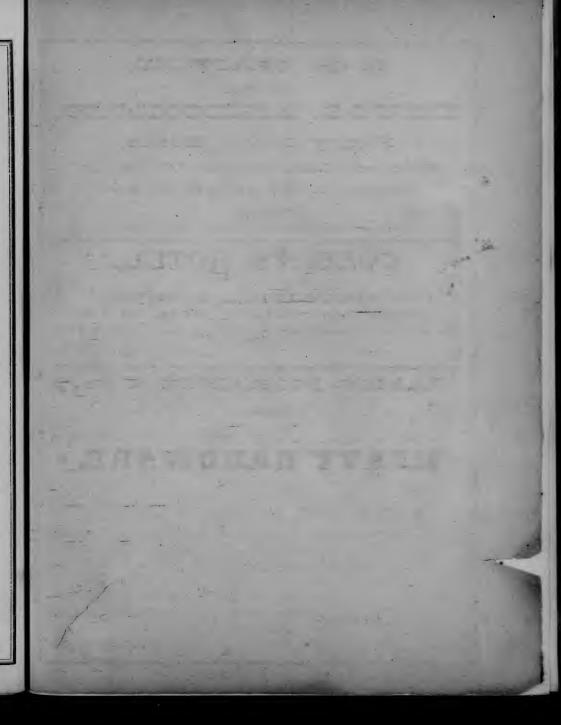
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Miners' Handles, Rubber, Hemp, Soapstone and Empire Packing, Oils,
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Fire Clay, Salamander Filling, &c.

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Marquette, Mich.





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